

* took to the boat with
the utmost sense of
weariness ~~of~~ weariness
of the Oriental face-
and a deep homo-
sickness for a
dear white
face, no
matter
whose
it was.



Yokohama —
July 15th 1913.

As we slipped
into the launch
to come to the
boat who should
walk on Capt.
dear Miss Mulliken

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* Dear Sweet Boy —

What a day this has been,
about the most unusual
day in my life! We land-
ed yesterday about 5:30
but I did not get off the
boat until this morning —
when a party of mine
and I went over from
our boat to Yokohama.
You see we have to
go down the side of the
boat into a launch and

go over to the land that way. As soon as
we landed we went to the exchange
and I had \$5 gold changed into Japanese
Yen. A yen is 50¢ of our money. I
never had such a pile of money in my
life, literally loads, it was so heavy,
all silver. Then we went to the Post-
office and I bought 15 Japanese
postage stamps for which I paid
~~100 sen~~ or 150 sen or 75 cents. It gets
you mixed, I tell you. I sent that
article on "Gems and Stones" to Harpers.
Had to pay 40 sen or 20¢ postage. I
also mailed 12 other letters and one
card, so you know I'm trying to keep you
informed. After mailing our letters we
got jinrikashas and went to the station
where we were to take the train for Tokyo,
the capital, toward which all steps were
deaf. The riksha trip was a pleasure
and an experience never to be forgotten.
I can imagine how quickly one could
get the haughty, high-and-might-look
you see on the faces of Europeans, es-
pecially, on this side - when you are sitting

up there in your fine baby
carriage, with your sweet
"man" to personally con-
duct you whithersoever
you will and mostly where
you work. We went along
in a string, nine of us,
and we must have
been a show for the natives
often stopped and stared
openly at us. At one
time in the parade my
man was in the lead
and ^{there} was I at the head
of that procession! I
realized the sensation
the "ladies" must have
who ride in Barnum
and Bailey's processions
to be looked at like that.

² I think the rikashas men
had fun enough at our
expense



For one would
call back something
and how they would all
laugh. Some of them could
talk English and they
talked just what they
wished to us some of
the time, I am sure.
*We meet a funeral.

The body was in a wooden
box covered with a white
cloth and carried on poles
by 6 or 8 men. In front
were some rikashas with
women in them in beautiful
pink and white clothes.
Then followed girls and
boys and men and women
all walking, some carrying

the grandest of big paper flowers as high up as they could. I saw a few really shedding tears but the long line of followers were laughing and joking and having a holiday. The prince died ~~the~~ other day and one of the men who talked a little English told one of our ladies that the body was that of the prince! We ~~2~~ visited a wonderful temple in an old and marvelous park. As we entered a side gate we were met by priests who asked to tie bands over our shoes as it was a holy place. So besandled and after paying 20 sen - which is ten cents each we were conducted through this wonderful place. It is a temple to Buddha and is ancient. The ceilings and walls were of bronze carvings, birds and fruits and flowers wrought out in the marvelous manner known only to the patient and painstaking Oriental. There was a holy of holies where we could not go. Only the High Priest ever enters it. The prince had worshipped there that

Morning and on a little
table were his offerings
done ^{up} in little white packages.
Every morning the priest
brings fresh flowers and
fruits to place before
the altar. There were
fine peaches in the bronze
bowls and beautiful, tall
flowers, of orange and green.

We were shown the sacred
manuscripts or scrolls
in their bronze cases.

The priest who told us
all the wonderful history
of the building of the temple
and the greatness of those
who worshipped there - was
proud of his English, though
much of it had to be interpre-
ted to us by some American

3 trained Chinese. Mr. Soy, that Medical Student George knows, conducted our party and managed the Rickasha men as none of us could have done - for Japan is full of graft and the Rickasha men lead all the rest. But we did find one unusual thing, a ~~China~~ Japanese waitress who declined to take a "tip!" It was such an unusual experience we hardly knew how to meet it. We went to a big department store in Tokyo, - the Wanamaker of Tokyo - and looked at their beautiful, beautiful things then took lunch in their lunch room. All we could get was tea, coffee,



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ice cream (which was frozen custard) and Japanese
or American (foreign) cakes. We took the Japanese
cakes as we were out for experiences. We
had what we went for - and noted no more
Japanese cakes ever again. They were little
pretty shaped and colored gelatinies. One
looked like chocolate and one had small
beans all through it - and one was made of
a bean flower - all sickeningly sweet. We
cut the gelatinies with little thin tooth picks
like wooden picks and ate the bits from
these sticks. The waitress kindly showing us how.
How smiling and patient and courteous they
were! It was lovely to see them leave the
room, the Japanese who were lunching there,
for there were many of them there, a higher
grade of people, in beautiful clothes. As
they left they made the most graceful
bows to the man at the door, and to
each other. We see them bowing to each
other everywhere. - We saw rice fields
and intensive gardening of a high order. Saw
beautiful rows of lettuce between fine lines of
onions - and such fine corn ready to eat.
Everywhere we saw the big hats and men carry-
ing loads at the end of long poles over their
shoulders, just like the pictures. Japan is
so true to its art that you see in reality the

very things you have seen
pictures, the sampan on the
water, the little fluted sails
the tile covered roofs -
the temples and gateways
all are true to life, - and
so beautifully artistic
But the people, Oh, Oh, the
thousands of them swarming,
swarming everywhere. Can
I ever forget the appeal they
make to the heart! The little
children so, so many and so
bright and quaint in their mothers
miniature clothes. I saw one with
a little "pack" on her back about
three inches long. How they hang on
the backs of mothers, or little sisters
or big brothers. And we saw much
we didn't want to see or ex-
pect to see. Japan is far,
far from true civilization -
though she has done marvelous
things in fifty years. I came *

might in front of our boats
Fuchii Gama

4 who had come to ask
me to go to a little dinner
tonight to meet some
Japanese missionaries.
But I was so dead tired
with the long day and one
of my friends of the boat
was to leave tonight
for good so I felt I
could not go. She came
over and visited me
awhile on the boat. When
the inspector boards the boat
to examine us before allow-
ing us to land, he brings letters.
I felt you I was happy when
two letters were handed
to me. Inside of the two
were about six letters from

Bland and Rae and
some other missionaries
telling me how glad they
were I was coming to Korea

Just the dearest letters

One of them said that Bland
said to her "Why it was ab-
most like having her own
mother come" and Rae
wrote that she knew she was
going to be as motherless now

We sail for Kobe tomorrow
at ten. Will get there at
noon about on Thursday

I will write from there
again. Dear, please
send this letter as far
around as you can and
let Lenore have it. I want
Ger. & Mar. & Lucy & Grace and
Emma and Lillie and Sallie
and any others who can to read it.
Not that it is valuable but it is hard

How glad
you are
to see
me
and
how
much
I
love
you
all
I
hope
my
mother

From
Mrs. S. D. Luckett,
Pyeong Yang,
Korea.



Mr. Jas. D. Luckett,
Dunn Loring,
Virginia,
U.S.A.

1. Funeral
2. Buddhist temple



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